

# CHRIST'S KIRK on the GREEN;

In Two CANTO's.

No. 250

CANTO the First, by King JAMES the Fifth.

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen  
Such Dancing and Derry?  
Neither at Faulkland on the Green,  
Nor *Peckles* at the Play,  
As was of Woomers as I woen  
At *Christ's Kirk* on a Day;  
For there came *Katie* wathen clean  
With her new Gown of Gray,

*Full Gay that Day.*  
To Dance these *Dumfries* them Dight,  
These *Lasses* light of Laits,  
Their Gloves were of the *Raffal* right,  
Their Shoes were of the *Strait*;  
Their Kirtles were of *Lincoln* light,  
Well prest with many *Plains*;  
They were so nice when Men they  
They *quell'd* like any *Gaits*. (*neigh'd*)

*Full loud that Day.*  
Of all these *Maidens* mild as *Mead*,  
Was none so gimp as *Gillie*,  
As any *Rose* her *Rude* was red,  
Her *Lire* was like the *Lillie*,  
But *Yellow*, *Yellow*, was her *Head*,  
And she of *Love* so *filly*,  
Tho' all her *Kin* had sworn her *Dead*,  
She would have none but *Willie*

*Alone that Day.*  
She scorn'd *Jack*, and scripp'd at him,  
And murgon'd him with *Mucks*;  
He would have lov'd her, she would not  
For all his *yellow Locks*, (let him  
He cherish'd her, she bade go chat him,  
She counted him not two *Clocks*:  
So shamefully his *thort* *Jack* set him,  
His *Legs* were like two *Rocks*,

*Or Rungs that Day.*  
*Tom Lattier* was their *Minstrel* meet,  
Good *Lord*, how he could *Lance*;  
He play'd to *Shril*, and Sang so *Sweet*  
While *Touffe* took a *Trance*:  
Old *Lightfoot* there he could forleet,  
And counterfitted *France*,  
He held him like a *Man* *discreet*,  
And up the *Morie* *Dance*,

*He took that Day.*  
Then *Stephen* came stepping in with *stends*  
No *Ring* might him *agrest*;  
*Splayfoot* did bob with many *bends*,  
For *Maise* he made *Requett*,  
He lap while he lay on his *lends*,  
And rising was so *preft*,  
While he did boast at both the *Ends*,  
For Honour of the *Fest*,

*And Danc'd that Day.*  
Then *Robin Roy* began to *revel*,  
And *Touffe* to him *drugged*:  
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and call'd him *Jewel*,  
And by the *Tail* him *rugged*,  
Then *Kensie* clicked to a *Kevel*,  
God wots as they two *fugged*:  
They parted there upon a *Nevel*,  
Men say, that *Hair* was *rugged*

*Between them Two.*  
With that a *Friend* of his *cray'd* *fy*,  
And forth an *Arrow* *drew*,  
He forged it so *fiercely*,  
The *Bow* in *binders* *flew*,  
Such was the *Grace* of *God*, *traw* *I*,  
For had the *Tree* been *true*;  
Men said, who knew his *Archery*,  
That he had *slain* *anew*,

*Before that Day.*

A *yap* young *Man* that stood him *neist*,  
Soon bent his *Bow* in *ire*,  
And etled the *Baln* in at the *Breast*,  
The *Bolt* flew ov'r the *Bare*:  
And cry'd *fy*, he bath *slain* a *Priest*  
A *Mele* beyond the *Mire*:  
Both *Bow* and *Bagg* from him he *keist*,  
And fled as fast as *Fire*

*From Flint that Day.*  
An *hasty* *Kins-man* call'd *Hery*,  
That was an *Archer* *keen*,  
Tied up a *Tackel* withouten *tarry*,  
I trow the *Man* was *teen*:  
I wot not whether his *Hand* did *vary*,  
Or his *Foe* was his *Friend*:  
But he escap'd by the *Mights* of *Mary*  
As one that nothing *mean'd*

*But good that Day.*  
Then *Lewrie* like a *Lion* *lap*,  
And soon a *Flain* could *tedder*:  
He height to pierce him at the *Pape*,  
Thereon to wed a *Wedder*:  
He hit him on the *Wamb* a *wap*,  
It buff'd like any *Bladder*.  
He escap'd so, such was his *hap*;  
His *Doubt* was of *Leather*

*Full fine that Day.*  
The *Buff* so *bolsterously* *abait* him,  
That he to the *Earth* *dust* *down*,  
The other *Man* for *Dead* there *left* him,  
And fled out of the *Town*.  
The *Wives* came forth, and up they *rest*  
And found *Life* in the *Lown*: (him  
Then with three *roust* they *railed* him  
And cur'd him out of *town*,

*Fra Hand that Day.*  
The *Miller* was of *manly* *make*,  
To meet him it was no *Mowes*:  
There durst not *Ten* some there him *take*  
So cowed by their *Powes*,  
The *Bushment* whole about him *brake*  
And back'd him with *Bows*,  
Then *traiterously* behind his *Back*,  
They hack'd him on the *Hoves*

*Behind that Day.*  
Then *Hutchon* with a *Hazel* *Rice*  
To red gan through them *rummil*:  
He mudd'd them down like any *Mice*  
He was no *petty* *bummil*,  
Tho' he was *Wight*, he was not *Wife*,  
With such *jutors* to *jummil*:  
For from his *Thumb* there flew a *slice*,  
While he cry'd *barf* *fummil*,

*I'm Slain this Day.*  
When that he saw his *Blood* so *red*  
To see might no *Man* let him:  
He trow'd it had been for *old* *feed*:  
He thought and bade have at him.  
He made his *Feet* *feend* his *Head*,  
The *far* *fairer* it set him.  
While he was past out of their *Dread*:  
They must be *swift* that *gat* him.

*Through Speed that Day.*  
Two that were *Heads-men* of the *Herd*,  
They rush'd on other like *Rams*:  
The other *Four* which were *unfeard*  
Beat on with *Barrow* *Trams*.  
And where their *gobs* they were *ungeard*  
They *gat* upon the *Gams*,  
While that all *Bloody* was their *Beards*,  
As they had worried *Lams*,

*Most I ke that Day.*

They *girn'd* and *glowrd* all at *anes*,  
Each *Gossip* other *grieved*:  
Some *striked* *Stings* some gathered *Scanes*,  
Some fled, and some *Relieved*.  
The *Minstrel* used *quiet* *Means*,  
That *Day* he *wisely* *prieved*,  
For he came *hame* with *unbruist* *Banes*,  
Where *Fighters* were *mischiev'd*,

*Full ill that Day.*  
With *Forks* and *Flails* they *lent* *them* *slaps*  
And *flew* together with *Frigs*:  
With *Bougers* of *Barns* they *piere'd* *blew*  
And of their *Bairns* made *Brigs*: (Cape  
The *Rare* *rose* rudely with their *Raps*,  
Then *Rungs* were laid on *Rigs*:  
The *Wives* came forth with *Cries* and  
See where my *Liking* *Ligs*. (Claps)

*Full low this Day.*  
The *black* *Sonter* of *Braith* was *bowden*,  
His *Wife* hang at his *Waist*:  
His *Body* was in *Black* all *browden*,  
He *girn'd* like a *Ghaist*.  
Her *glittering* *Hair* was so *gowden*,  
Her *Love* fast from him *Lait*,  
That for his *Sake* she was *unawden*,  
While he a *Mele* was *chaff*,

*And man that Day.*  
When they had *beir'd* like *baited* *Bulls*,  
The *Bone-fires* *burnt* like *Bails*,  
And then they *grew* as *meek* as *Mules*  
That *wearied* are with *Mails*:  
For those *forfoughten* *tyred* *Fools*,  
Fell down like *slaughter'd* *Frails*,  
Fresh *Men* came in and *haip'd* the *Dools*,  
And dang them down in *Dails*,

*Boden that Day.*  
The *Wives* then gave a *hideous* *yell*,  
When all these *Yonkiers* *yoked*,  
As *fiere* as *Flags* of *Fire* *slaught* *tell*,  
Frick to the *Field* they *flocked*,  
The *Carles* with *Clubs* did others *quell*  
On *Breast* while *Blood* out *boaked*,  
So rudely rang the *Common-bell*,  
That all the *Steeple* *rocked*

*For Dread that Day.*  
By this *Tom Tailor* was in his *Gear*,  
When he heard the *Common-bell*,  
He said, he should make all a *Stear*  
When he came there *himself*.  
He went to fight with such a *Fear*,  
While to the *Ground* he *fell*,  
A *Wife* that hat him on the *Ear*,  
With a great *knocking* *Mell*,

*Fell'd him that Day.*  
The *Bridgegroom* brought a *Pint* of *Ale*,  
And bade the *Piper* *Drink* it,  
Drink it quoth he, and it so *Stale*,  
Ashrew me if I think it.  
The *Bride* her *Maidens* *stoked* *near* by,  
And said, it was not *flinked*,  
And *hastig* the *Bride* so *gay*,  
Upon him fast she *winked*

*Full soon that Day.*  
When all was done *Dick* with an *Ax*  
Came forth to sell a *Fother*, (smacks  
Quoth he, where are you *whoreson*  
Right now that hurt my *Brother*?  
His *Wife* bade him go *hame* *Gib* *Glais*,  
And so did *Meg* his *Mother*:  
He turn'd and gave them both their *Paiks*  
For he durst ding no other,

*But them that Day.*

The END of the First CANTO.

# CHRIST'S KIRK on the GREEN;

In Two CANTO's.

## CANTO the First, by King JAMES the Fifth.

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen  
Such Dancing and Derry?  
Neither at Faulkland on the Green,  
Nor Auldhaugh at the Play,  
As was of Woomers as I ween  
At Christ's Kirk on a Day;  
For there came Katie wathen clean  
With her new Gown of Gray,

Full Gay that Day,  
To Dance these Dumfries them Dight,  
These Lassies light of Laits,  
Their Gloves were of the Ruffal right,  
Their Shoes were of the Straits;  
Their Kirtles were of Lincoln light,  
Well prest with many Plains;  
They were so nice when Men they  
They squell'd like any Gais. (neigh'd)

Full loud that Day,  
Of all these Maidens mild as Mead,  
Was none so gimp as Gillie,  
As any Rose her Rude was red,  
Her Lure was like the Lillie,  
But Yellow, Yellow, was her Head,  
And she of Love so silly,  
Tho' all her Kin had sworn her Dead,  
She would have none but Willie

Alone that Day,  
She scorn'd Jack, and scripp'd at him,  
And murgoon'd him with Mucks;  
He would have lov'd her, she would not  
For all his yellow Locks, (let him  
He cherish'd her, she bade go chat him,  
She counted him not two Clocks:  
So shamefully his throat Jack set him,  
His Legs were like two Rocks,

Or Kungs that Day,  
Tom Lutter was their Minstrel meet,  
Good Lord, how he could Lance;  
He play'd to Shril, and Sang so Sweet  
While Toulse took a Trance:  
Old Lightfoot there he could forleet,  
And counterfitted France,  
He held him like a Man discreet,  
And up the Morrie Dance,

He took that Day,  
Then Stephen came stepping in with stends  
No Ring might him greet;  
Splayfoot did bob with many bends,  
For Maise he made Request,  
He lap while he lay on his lends,  
And rising was so prest,  
While he did boast at both the Ends  
For Honour of the Feast,

And Danc'd that Day,  
Then Robin Roy began to revel,  
And Toulse to him drugged:  
Let be, quoth Jack, and call'd him Jewel,  
And by the Tail him rugged,  
Then Kessie clicked to a Kevil,  
God wots as they two fugged:  
They parted there upon a Nevel,  
Men say, that Hair was rugged

Between them Two,  
With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,  
And forth an Arrow drew,  
He forged it so fiercely,  
The Bow in Rinders flew,  
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,  
For had the Tree been true;  
Men said, who knew his Archery,  
That he had slain anew,

Before that Day.

A yap young Man that stood him neist,  
Soon bent his Bow in ire,  
And etled the Balrn in at the Breast,  
The Bolt flew ov'r the Bare:  
And cry'd fy, he hath slain a Priest  
A Mile beyond the Mire:  
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kiest,  
And fled as fast as Fire

From Flint that Day,  
An hasty Kins-man call'd Hery,  
That was an Archer keen,  
Tied up a Tackle withouten tarry,  
I trow the Man was teen:  
I wot not whether his Hand did vary,  
Or his Foe was his Friend:  
But he escap'd by the Might of Mary  
As one that nothing mean'd

But good that Day,  
Then Lawrie like a Lion lap,  
And soon a Flain could felder:  
He height to pierce him at the Pape,  
Thereon to wed a Wedder:  
He hit him on the Wamb a wap,  
It buff'd like any Bladder.  
He escap'd so, such was his hap;  
His Doubt was of Leather

Full fine that Day,  
The Buff so bolsterously abast him,  
That he to the Earth dust'd down,  
The other Man for Dead there left him,  
And fled out of the Town.  
The Wives came forth, and up they rest  
And found Life in the Lown; (him  
Then with three routs they railed him  
And cur'd him out of town,

Fra Hand that Day,  
The Miller was of manly make,  
To meet him it was no Mowes:  
There durst not Ten some there him take  
So cowed by their Powes,  
The Bushment whole about him brake  
And back'd him with 'Bows,  
Then traiterously behind his Back,  
They hack'd him on the Howes

Behind that Day,  
Then Hutchon with a Hazel Rice  
To red gan through them rummil:  
He mudd'd them down like any Mice  
He was no petty bummil,  
Tho' he was Wight, he was not Wife,  
With such jutors to jummil:  
For from his Thumb there flew a slice,  
While he cry'd barfatummil,

Im Slain that Day,  
When that he saw his Blood so red  
To see might no Man let him:  
He trow'd it had been for old feed;  
He thought and bade have at him.  
He made his Feet feed of his Head,  
The far fairer it set him.  
While he was past out of their Dread:  
They must be swift that gat him.

Through Speed that Day,  
Two that were Heads-men of the Herd,  
They rush'd on other like Rams:  
The other Four which were unfeard  
Beat on with Barrow Trams.  
And where their gods they were unfeard  
They gat upon the Gams,  
While that all Bloody was their Beards,  
As they had worried Lambs,

Most I ke that Day.

They gird'd and glowed all at anes,  
Each Gossip other grieved:  
Some striked Stings, some gathered Stanes,  
Some fled, and some Relieved.  
The Minstrel used quiet Means,  
That Day he wisely prieved,  
For he came hame with unbruist Banes,  
Where Fighters were mischiev'd,

Full ill that Day,  
With Forks and Flails they lent them flaps  
And flew together with Frigs;  
With Bougers of Barn they pier'd blew  
And of their Bairns made Brigs: (Caps  
The Rare rose rudely with their Raps,  
Then Rungs were laid on Rigs:  
The Wives came forth with Cries and  
See where my Liking Ligs. (Claps)

Full low that Day,  
The black Souter of Braith was bowden,  
His Wife hang at his Waist:  
His Body was in Black all browden,  
He girded like a Ghaist.  
Her glittering Hair was so gowden,  
Her Love fast from him Lait,  
That for his Sake she was unawden,  
While he a Mile was chaift,

And man that Day,  
When they had beir'd like baited Bulls,  
The Bone-fires burnt like Bails,  
And then they grew as meek as Mules  
That wearied are with Mails;  
For those forfoughten tyred Fools,  
Fell down like slaughter'd Frails,  
Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dools,  
And dang them down in Dails,

Boden that Day,  
The Wives then gave a hideous yell,  
When all these Yonkiers yoked,  
As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts tell,  
Fricks to the Field they flocked,  
The Carles with Clubs did others quell  
On Breast while Blood out boaked,  
So rudely rang the Common-bell,  
That all the Steeple rocked

For Dread that Day,  
By this Tom Tailor was in his Gear,  
When he heard the Common-bell,  
He said, he should make all a Stear  
When he came there himself.  
He went to fight with such a Fear,  
While to the Ground he fell,  
A Wife that hat him ou the Ear,  
With a great knocking Mell,

Fell'd him that Day,  
The Bridgegroom brought a Pint of Ale,  
And bade the Piper Drink it,  
Drink it quoth he, and it so Stale,  
Ashrew me if I think it.  
The Bride her Maidens flock near by,  
And said, it was not Blinked,  
And Bartsie the Bride so gay,  
Upon him fast she winked

Full soon that Day,  
When all was done Dick with an Ax  
Came forth to fell a Fother, (smalks  
Quoth he, where are you whorson  
Right now that hurt my Brother?  
His Wife bade him go hame Gib Glais,  
And so did Meg his Mother;  
He turn'd and gave them both their Paiks  
For he durst ding no other,

But them that Day.

The END of the First CANTO.

## CANTO II. by Allan Ramsey.

Consider it werly, Read oftner than anys,  
Wiel at an Blenk sic Poetry not Tane is.

G. DOUGLAS.

**B**UT there had bin mair Blood and Skaith  
Sair Harshie and great Spulzie,  
And mony a nee had gotten his Death  
By this unsonie Tooley:  
But that the bald Good-wife of Braith  
Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,  
Came Belly-haught and loot an Aith  
She'd gar them a be hooley,

For fast that Day.

Blyth to win aff sae wi hale Bines,  
Tho' mony had clow'd Pows,  
And drag'd sae mang Muck and Stranes  
They look'd like wirry Kows:  
Quoth some who 'maist had tint their  
Lair's see how a Bowls rows, (Aynds)  
And quat this Bruillement at anes,  
You Gully is nae Mows.

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth Hutchon, I am well content,  
I think we may do war,  
Till this Time Tommond Pie indent  
Our Claitchs of Dirt wi' sae:  
Wi' Nevels I'm amass fawn faint,  
My Chafis are dung a char:  
Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent  
And daddad aff the Glar.

For clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Battle  
Lay as gin some had fell'd him,  
Gat up now wi an unky Rattle,  
As nane there dur'd a quell'd him;  
Bald Bess flew till him wi a Brattle,  
And spire o' his Teeth he held him  
Clost by the Craig, and with her fatal  
Knife shoar'd she would Geld him,

For Peace that Day.

Syne we wi a Consent shook Hands,  
As they stood in a Ring;  
Some redd their Hair, some set their Bands,  
Some did their Sack Tails wring;  
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands  
They did their Minstrel bring,  
Where clever Houghs like Willi wands  
At ilky blythfome Spring.

Lay high that Day.

Claud Feky was na very blate,  
He stood na lang a beigh;  
For be the Wame he gripp'd Kate,  
And gard her gee a Skreigh;  
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slate,  
Ye stink o' Leeks, O' figh,  
Let gae my Hands, I say, be quair,  
And wow gin she was Skreigh.

And mair that Day.

Now fell'd Gossies fat, and keen  
Did for fresh Bickere birlie,  
While the young Swankies on the Green  
Took round a merry Tirlie:  
Meg Wallie wi her pinky Een  
Gart Lawrie's Heart-strings dirle,  
And Folk wad threep that the did green  
For that wad gas her Skirlie.

And Skreigh some Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff  
Came out to shaw good Will,  
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,  
Cry'd, Gee me Patie's Mill:  
He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, had aff,  
They rus'd him that had Skill,  
He wad do better quoth a Caf,  
Had he another Gill,

Of Ujquebae.

Farth started nief a peny Blade,  
And out a Maiden took,  
They sayd that he was Faulkland bred,  
And danc'd by the Book,  
A couple Taylor to his Trade,  
And when their Hands he shook,  
Gae them what he gat fra his Dad,  
Fidelient, the Yonke,

To Claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did sae well,  
He May and Bess did call up:  
The Lassie babb'd about the Reel,  
Gar'd a their Hurdles wallop,  
And swat like Pownies whan they speel  
Up Braes, or when they gallop,  
But a thraven Knubcock took his Reel,  
And Wives had him to hawl up.

Haff fell'd that Day.

But mony a punky Look and Tale (them  
Gae'd round whan Glouming bound  
The Offer Wife brought ben good Ale,  
And bade the Lassie rouse them;  
Up wi them Lads, and Pie be Bail  
They'll loo ye and ye touze them:  
Quoth Gausse, this will never fail,  
Wi them that this gate woo's them

On sic a Day.

Syn Stoles and Furms were drawn aside,  
And up raise Willie Daddie,  
A short Hought Man, but fow o' Pride,  
He said the Fidler Play'd ill.  
Let's hae the Pipes, quoth he, beside,  
Quoth a, that is nae said ill:  
He futed the Floor, syne wi the Bride,  
To Curryspoon and Treeladle,

Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,  
And by some Right did claim  
To Kifs and Dance wi Mafie Aird,  
A dink and dortie Dame,  
But O poor Mafie was aff her guard,  
For Back-gate frae her Wame,  
Bekkin, she loe a fearfou Raird,  
That gart her think great Shame,

And blush that Day.

Auld Steen led out Maggie Forsyth,  
He was her ain Good Brither;  
And ilky ane was unky blyth  
To see ald Folk sae clever.  
Quo fock, wi laughing like to rive,  
What think ye o' my Mither?  
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive  
But she wad get anither,

Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dith,  
And herwist ilky Tune  
He laid his Lugs, in't like a Fish,  
And fuct till it was done:  
His Bags were Liquor'd to his Wifh,  
His Face was like a Moon:  
But he cou'd get nae Place to Pifh  
in, but his ain twa Shoon

For thrang that Day.

The Leter-gae of Hally Rhime  
Sat up at the Boord-head,  
And a he said was thought a Crime  
to contradict indeed.  
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,  
And cou'd baith Write and Read,  
He drank sae firm till ne'er a Ryme  
He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

When he was Strute twa sturdy Chieft,  
Be his Oxter and be's Collier,  
Held up frae coupling o' the Ceels  
The liquid Logick Schollar.  
When he came hame his Wife did Reel  
And Rampadge in her Choler,  
With that he brake her Spinning wheel,  
That cost a good Rix Dollar,

And mair some say.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight  
Were gannung for their Rest,  
For some were like to tyme their Sight  
Wi Sleep and Drinking best.  
But others that were Stomach Tight  
Cry'd out, It was nae best  
To leave a Supper that was Dight;  
To Brownies, or a Ghaist

To Eat that Day.

On whomest Tubs lay twa lang Dails,  
On them stood mony a Goan,  
Some fell'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,  
And Milk heat frae the Loan.  
Of Dainists they had Routh and Wale,  
Of which they were right fon;  
But mairing wad gae down bit Ale  
Wi drunken Donald Don

The Smith, that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,  
And twa good Junts of Beef,  
Wi Hind and Fore-pawl of a Sheep,  
Drew whittles frae ilk Sheaf:  
Wi Gravie a their Beards did deep,  
They Kempit with their Teeth,  
A Kebuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep  
It's lane, pat on the Sheaf

In Stew that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,  
Her left Leg Ho was flung;  
And George Gib was fidge glad,  
Because it hit Jean Gun:  
She was his Jo, and aft had laid,  
Fy, George, had your Tongue,  
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,  
But chang'd her Mind when bang,

That very Day.

Tobee! quo' Tansie, whan the saw  
The Cathel coming ben,  
It pyppin hear gae'd round them a,  
The Bride she made a fen,  
To fit in Wyliccoar sae braw,  
Upon her neither End,  
Her Lad like ony Cock did Crow,  
That meers a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith, and Dick,  
Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,  
Charles that keep nae very strict  
Be Hours, tho' they were auld;  
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,  
But whare good Ale was fild,  
They drank a Night, e'ne tho' auld Nick  
Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald

Them for't next Day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
Sic Banqueting and Drinking,  
Sic Revelling and Rattles keen,  
Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin:  
And unko Wark that fell at E'ne,  
Whan Lassies were haff Winkin,  
They lost their Feet, and baith their Een,  
And Maidenheads gae'd Linkin

Aff, a that Day.



# CHRIST'S KIRK on the GREEN;

In Two CANTO's.

No. 250

## CANTO the First, by King JAMES the Fifth.

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen  
Such Dancing and Derry?  
Neither at Fawkland on the Green,  
Nor Fields at the Play,  
As was of Woovers as I ween  
At Christ's Kirk on a Day;  
For there came Katie wathen clean  
With her new Gown of Gray,

*Full Gay that Day.*

To Dance these Damofels them Dight,  
These Lassies light of Laits,  
Their Gloves were of the Raffal right,  
Their Shoes were of the Straits;  
Their Kirtles were of Lincoln light,  
Well prest with many Plains;  
They were so nice when Men they  
They squell'd like any Gais.

*Full loud that Day.*

Of all these Maidens mild as Mead,  
Was none so gimp as Gillie,  
As any Rose her Rude was red,  
Her Lire was like the Lillie,  
But Yellow, Yellow, was her Head,  
And she of Love loe filly,  
Tho' all her Kin had sworn her Dead,  
She would have none but Willie

*Alone that Day.*

She scorn'd Jack, and scripp'd at him,  
And murgen'd him with Mucks;  
He would have lov'd her, she would not  
For all his yellow Locks, (let him  
He cherish'd her, she bade go chat him,  
She counted him not two Clocks;  
So shamefully his short Jack set him,  
His Legs were like two Rocks,

*Or Runge that Day.*

Tom Luttre was their Minstrel meer,  
Good Lord, how he could Lance;  
He play'd so Shril, and Sang so Sweet  
While Tossie took a Trance:  
Old Lightfoot there he could forleer,  
And counterfitted France,  
He held him like a Man disfreer,  
And up the Morrie Dance,

*He took that Day.*

Then Stephen came stepping in with stends  
No Ring might him arrest;  
Splayfoot did bob with many bends,  
For Mafie he made Request,  
He lap while he lay on his lends,  
And rising was so prest,  
While he did boast at both the Ends  
For Honour of the Feat,

*And Danc'd that Day.*

Then Robin Roy began to revel,  
And Tossie to him drugged:  
Let be, quoth Jack, and call'd him Jewel,  
And by the Tail him rugged,  
Then Kessie clicked to a Kevel,  
God wots as they two juggled:  
They parted there upon a Nevel,  
Men say, that Hair was rugged

*Between them Two.*

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,  
And forth an Arrow drew,  
He forged it so fiercely,  
The Bow in Rinders flew,  
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,  
For had the Tree been true;  
Men said, who knew his Archery,  
That he had slain anew,

*Before that Day.*

A yap young Man that stood him neist,  
Soon bent his Bow in ire,  
And etled the Balm in at the Breast,  
The Bolt flew ov'r the Bare:  
And cry'd fy, he hath Slain a Priest  
A Mile beyond the Mire:  
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kiest,  
And fled as fast as Fire

*From Flint that Day.*

An hasty Kins-man call'd Hary,  
That was an Archer keen,  
Tied up a Tackle withouten tarry,  
I trow the Man was teen:  
I wot not whether his Hand did vary,  
Or his Foe was his Friend;  
But he escap'd by the Might of Mary  
As one that nothing mean'd

*But good that Day.*

Then Lawrie like a Lion lap,  
And soon a Flain could felder:  
He height to pierce him at the Pape,  
Thereon to wed a Wedder:  
He hit him on the Wamba wap,  
It buff'd like any Bladder.  
He escap'd so, such was his hap;  
His Doubler was of Leather

*Full fine that Day.*

The Buff so boisterously abast him,  
That he to the Earth dust'd down,  
The other Man for Dead there fest him,  
And fled out of the Town.  
The Wives came forth, and up they rest  
And found Life in the Low; (him  
Then with three rous they raised him  
And cur'd him out of fown,

*Fra Hand that Day.*

The Miller was of manly make,  
To meet him it was no Mowes:  
There durst not Ten-fome there him take  
So cowed be their Powes,  
The Bushment whole about him brake  
And bucker'd him with Bows,  
Then traiterously behind his Back,  
They hack'd him on the Howes

*Behind that Day.*

Then Hutchon with a Hazel Rice  
To red ran through them rummil:  
He muddl'd them down like any Mice  
He was no peety bummil,  
Tho' he was Wight, he was not Wist,  
With such jurors to jummil:  
For from his Thumb there flew a slice,  
While he cry'd barksummil,

*I'm Slain this Day.*

When that he saw his Blood so red  
To see might no Man let him:  
He trow'd it had been for old feed;  
He thought and bade have at him.  
He made his Feet defend his Head,  
The far fairer it set him,  
While he was past out of their Dread:  
They must be swift that gat him.

*Through Speed that Day.*

Two that were Heads-men of the Herd,  
They rush'd on other like Rams:  
The other Four which were unfeard  
Beat on with Barrow Trams.  
And where their gobs they were ungear'd  
They gat upon the Gams,  
While that all Bloody was their Beards,  
As they had worried Lambs,

*Most I ke that Day.*

They gird'd and glowed all at anes,  
Each Gossip other grieved:  
Some striked Stings, some gathered Stanes,  
Some fled, and some Relieved.  
The Minstrel used quiet Means,  
That Day he wisely priev'd,  
For he came hame with unbruist Hanes,  
Where Fighters were mischliev'd,

*Full ill that Day.*

With Forks and Flails they lent them flaps  
And flew together with Friggs;  
With Bouchers of Barnsthey pierc'd blew  
And of their Bairns made Briggs: (Caps  
The Rare rose rudely with their Raps,  
Then Runge were laid on Rigs:  
The Wives came forth with Cries and  
See where my Liking Ligs. (Claps

*Full low this Day.*

The black Souter of Braith was bowden,  
His Wife hang at his Waist:  
His Body was in Black all browden,  
He girded like a Ghaist.  
Her glittering Hair was so gowden,  
Her Love fast from him Laist,  
That for his Sake she was unyawden,  
While he a Mile was chaist,

*And mair that Day.*

When they had beir'd like baited Bulls,  
The Bone-fires burnt like Bails,  
And then they grew as meek as Mules:  
That wearied are with Maills;  
For those forfoughten tyred Fools,  
Fell down like slaughter'd Frails,  
Fresh Men came in and hail'd the Dools,  
And dang them down in Dails,

*Beden that Day.*

The Wives then gave a hideous yell,  
When all these Yonkers yoked,  
As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell,  
Frick to the Field they flocked,  
The Carles with Clubs did others quell  
On Breast while Blood out boaked,  
So rudely rang the Common-bell,  
That all the Steeple rocked

*For Dread that Day.*

By this Tom Tailor was in his Gear,  
When he heard the Common-bell,  
He said, he should make all a Stear  
When he came there himself,  
He went to fight with such a Fear,  
While to the Ground he fell,  
A Wife that hat him ou the Ear,  
With a great knocking Mell,

*Fell'd him that Day.*

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,  
And bade the Piper Drink it,  
Drink it quoth he, and it so Stale,  
Aishrew me if I think it.  
The Bride her Maidens flood near by,  
And said, it was not Blink'd,  
And Bartegello the Bride so gay,  
Upon him fast she wink'd

*Full soon that Day.*

When all was done Dick with an Ax  
Came forth to sell a Fother, (maiks  
Quoth he, where are you whorefon  
Right now that hurt my Brother?  
His Wife bade him go hame Gib Glaiks,  
And so did Meg his Mother;  
He turn'd and gave them both their Paiks  
For he durst ding no other,

*But them that Day.*

The END of the First CANTO.

## CANTO II. by Allan Ramsey.

Confider it werly, Read oftner than anys,  
Wiel at an Blenk sic Poetry not Tane is.

G. DOUGLAS.

**B**U There had bin mair Blood and Skaitch  
Sair Harship and great Spulzie,  
And mony a ane had gotten his Death  
By this unsonse Tooly:  
But that the bald Good-wife of Braith  
Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,  
Came Belly-laught and loot an Aith  
She'd gar them a be hoody.

For fast that Day.

Blyth to win aff sae wi hale Bines,  
Tho' mony had clow'd Powis,  
And drag'd sae 'mang Muck and Stanes  
They look'd like wirry Kows:  
Quoth some who 'maist had tint their  
Let's see how a Bowls row, (Aynds,  
And quat this Bepuillement at anes,  
You Gully is nae Mow.

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth Hutchen, I am well content,  
I think we may do war,  
Till this Time Tounmond P'e indent  
Our Claiths of Dirt wi fa'r:  
Wi Nevels P'm amast fawn faint,  
My Chaffs are dung a char:  
Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent  
And daddet aff the Glar.

For clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Battle  
Lay as gin some had fell'd bim,  
Gar up now wi an unky Rattle,  
As nane there dur'd a quell'd him;  
Bald B's flew till him wi a Brattle,  
And spite o' his Teeth he held him  
Clost by the Craig, and with her fatal  
Knife shoar'd she would Geld him.

For Peace that Day.

Syne e wi ae Consent shook Hands,  
As they stood in a Ring;  
Some redd their Hair, some fet their Bands,  
Some did their Sark Tails wring;  
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands  
They did their Minstrel bring,  
Where clever Houghs like Will's wands  
At ilky blythsome Spring.

Lap high that Day.

Claud Pety was na very blate,  
He stood na lang a beigh;  
For be the Warne he gripp'd Kate,  
And gard her get a Skreigh;  
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slate,  
Ye stink o' Leeks, O'figh,  
Let gae my Hands, I say, be quat,  
And wove gin she was Skreigh.

And mim that Day.

Now sett'd Goffies fat, and keen  
Did for fresh Bickere birle,  
While the young Swankies on the Green  
Took round a merry Tirl:  
Meg Wallie wi her pinky Een  
Gart Lawrie's Heart-frings dirle,  
And Folk wad threep that he did green  
For that wad gar her Skirle.

And Skreigh some Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff  
Came out to shaw good Will,  
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,  
Cry'd, Gee me Bann's Mill:  
He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, had aff,  
They rus'd him that had Skill;  
He wad do' better quoth a Caf,  
Had he another Gill.

Of Ujquebae.

Furth started niest a peny Blade,  
And out a Maidentook,  
They sayd that he was Fauskland bred,  
And danc'd by the Book,  
A souple Taylor to his Trade,  
And when their Hands he shook,  
Gae them what he gat fra his Dad,  
Fidelicet, the Youke.

To Claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did fae well,  
He Mer and Bess did call up:  
The Lassie bab'd about the Keel,  
Gar'd a their Hurdles wallop,  
And swat like Pownies whan they speel  
Up Braes, or when they gallop,  
But a thrawn Knublock took his Heel,  
And Wives had him to hawl up.

Haff fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale (them  
Ga'd round whan Glouming houl'd  
The Ofler Wife brought ben good Ale,  
And bade the Lassie rouze them;  
Up wi them Lads, and I'll be Bail  
They'll joo ye and ye touse them:  
Quoth Gausse, this will never fail,  
Wi them that this gate woo's them.

On sic a Day.

Syn Scoles and Furms were drawn aside,  
And up raise Willie Dadle,  
A short Hought Man, but fow n' Pride,  
He said the Fidler Play'd ill.  
Let's hae the Pipes, quoth he, beside,  
Quoth a, that is nae said ill:  
He fured the Floor, syne wi the Bride,  
To Currysoon and Treeladle.

Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,  
And by some Right did claim  
To Kifs and Dance wi Masse Aird,  
A dink and dottle Dame.  
But O poor Masse was aff her guard,  
For Back-gate frae her Wame,  
Bekkin, the lot a fearfou Raird,  
That gart her think great Shame.

And blash that Day.

And Steen led out Maggie Forsyth,  
He was her ain Good Brither;  
And ilky ane was unky blyth  
To see ald Folk sae clever.  
Quo Jock, wi laughing like to rive,  
What think ye o' my Mither?  
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive  
But she wad get anither.

Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,  
And berwix ilky Tune  
He laid his Lugs, in't like a Fish,  
And stuck till it was done:  
His Bags were Liguor'd to his Wifh,  
His Face was like a Moon:  
But he cou'd get nae Place to Pith  
in, but his ain twa Shoon.

For thrang that Day.

The Leter-gae of Hally Rhime  
Sat up at the Boord-head,  
And a he said was thought a Crime  
to contradict indeed.  
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,  
And cou'd bath Write and Read,  
He drank sae firm till ne'er a styme  
He cou'd keek on a Bead.

Or Book that Day.

When he was Strute twa sturdy Chiefl  
Be his Oxter and be's Collier,  
Held up frae couping o' the Ceels  
The liquid Logick Scholar.  
When he came hame his Wife did Reel  
And Rampadge in her Choler,  
With that he brake her Spinning-wheel,  
That cost a good Rix Dollar.

And mair some say.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight  
Were gauncing for their Rest,  
For some were like to ryme their Sight  
Wi Sleep and Drinking freest.  
But others that were Stomach Tight  
Cry'd out, It was nae best  
To leave a Supper that was Dight,  
To Brownies, or a Ghaist.

To Eat that Day.

On whomelst Tubs lay twa lang Dails,  
On them stood mony a Goan,  
Some fill'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,  
And Milk heat frae the Loan.  
Of Dainrits they had Routh and Wale,  
Of which they were right fon;  
But naithing wad gae down bit Ale  
Wi drunken Donald Don.

The Smith, that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,  
And twa good Junts of Beef,  
Wi Hind and Fore-spawl of a Sheep,  
Drew whistles frae ilk Sheath:  
Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,  
They Kempit with their Teeth,  
A Kebuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep  
It's hane, pat on the Sheaf.

In Snow that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,  
Her left Leg Ho was hung;  
And George Gib was sidgen glad,  
Because it hit Jean Gun:  
She was his Jo, and aft had said,  
Fy, George, had your Tongue,  
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,  
But chang'd her Mind when bang.

That very Day.

Tech! quo' Tounie, whan the saw  
The Cathel coming ben,  
It pyppin hear ga'd round them a,  
The Bride she made a fen,  
To fit in Wyliccoat sae braw,  
Upon her neither End,  
Her Lad like any Cock did Crawl,  
That meet a Clockin Hen.

And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith, and Dick,  
Lawrie and Hutchen bauld,  
Charles that keep nae very strict  
Be Hours, tho' they were auld;  
Nor cou'd they e're leave aff that Trick,  
But whare good Ale was fild,  
They drank a Night, e'ne tho' auld Nick  
Shou'd tempt their Wives to fild.

Them for't next Day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen  
Sic Banquetting and Drinking,  
Sic Revelling and Bauls keen,  
Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin:  
And unko Wark that fell at E'ne,  
Whan Lassies were haff Winkin,  
They lost their Feet, and bath their Een,  
And Maidenheads ga'd Linkin.

Aff, a that Day.

F I N I S.